ATKINSON'S EVENING POST,
AND PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY NEWS.

Vol. XVIII. *Philadelphia, October 12, 1839.* *Whole No. 950.*

THE FORSAKEN TO THE FALSE ONE.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

I dare thee to forget me!
Go wander where thou wilt,
Thy hand upon the vessel's helm,
Or on the sabre's hilt;
Away! thou'rt free! o'er land and sea
Go rush to danger's brink!
But oh, thou can'st not fly from thought!
Thy curse will be—*to think!*

Remember me! remember all,
My long enduring love,
That linked itself to perfidy;
The vulture and the dove!
Remember in thy utmost need,
I never once did shrink,
But clung to thee confidingly;
Thy curse shall be—*to think!*

Then go! that thought will render thee
A dastard in the fight,
That thought, when thou are tempest-tost,
Will fill thee with affright!
In some wild dungeon may'st thou lie,
And, counting each cold link
That binds thee to captivity,
Thy curse shall be—*to think!*

Go seek the merry banquet-hall,
Where younger maidens bloom,
The thought of me shall make thee *there*
Endure a deeper gloom;
That thought shall turn the festive cup
To poison while you drink,
And while false smiles are on thy cheek,
Thy curse will be—*to think!*

Forget me! false one, hope it not!
When minstrels touch the string,
The memory of other days
Will gall thee while they sing;
The airs I used to love will make
Thy coward conscience shrink,
Aye, every note will have its sting,
Thy curse will be—*to think!*

Forget me! No, that shalt not be!
I'll haunt thee in thy sleep,
In dreams thou'lt cling to slimy rocks
That overhang the deep;
Thou'lt shriek for aid! my feeble arm
Shall hurl thee from the brink,
And when thou wak'st in wild dismay,
Thy curse will be—*to think!*

George IV.—His Domestic Relations.

BY LORD BROUGHAM.

* After running a course of dissipation, uninterrupted by any more rational pursuit—prematurely exhausting the resources of indulgence, both animal and mental, and becoming incapable of receiving further gratification unless the wish of the ancient tyrant could be gratified by the invention of some new pleasure—it was [illegible]

[illegible]

From the Knickerbocker for September.

LINES TO A BUNCH OF CHERRIES.

BY B. B. THATCHER.

[Written while eating them.]

Beautiful cluster! passing fair
Ye grew on your perch, in the shining air:
Ye swung like a circle of merry fays
In the morning's gale and the noontide rays;
With an awning o'er you of such bright leaves
As the thrush for her first-born nestling weaves,
And with eddies of perfume breathing around,
From green-wood grove and from blossomy ground;
O, crimson cluster! fresh and fair.
Did your life laugh on in the shining air!

But, alas for beauty! Ye are riven now
From the shelter and shade of the dancing bough;
Ah! never again will ye gather bright dyes,
Priceless and pure, from these sunny skies;
Ye shall nod no more to the morning gale,
Though it seek for aye, over meadow and vale:
Nor ever shall twilight breezes bring—
From the wood or the wave, in Summer or Spring—
Nor the fire-fly's gleam, nor the silver dew,
Motion, or perfume, or verdure to you!

So Friendship fadeth; so Love's bright eye
Grows dim, like a star in a stormy sky,
When the trial-clouds of sorrow and strife,
Ere its noon is yet welcomed, sweep over Life;
On the greenest branch of Youth's bright bower
Affections all rapture blush but an hour.
Beautiful cluster! would that to be
Were to be for ever, for things like thee!
Oh, would that on all fair things the bloom
Told not, like the victim's wreath, of the tomb!

From the Casket and Philadelphia Monthly Magazine.

KISSING ONE'S COUSIN.

A VISIT TO THE DOMICILE OF JEREMY SHORT, ESQ.

"Ah, Mr. Editor, this is too great an honor—walk in, my dear sir—John, a chair for the Editor,—wheel up that self-actor,—another to put his feet on,—his hat and cane—."

"Don't disturb yourself, Mr. Short,—don't disturb yourself. I see you've got your wine and your meerschaum—I'm just in time."

"Egad, sir, and I'm glad of it—John, a meerschaum for the Editor, or stay, won't you have my East Indian hookah?—it's delicious to smoke thro';—tell the butler to bring up a half a dozen of that Madeira that was corked in '93—do sit down, sir, and be cozy like—we'll have a glorious night of it,—egad, sir, but I'm honored—my very dear sir, your health."

"Your's, Jeremy,—and another for the Blue-Stockings."

"Ha! ha!—and how did it take,—eh, my boy?"

"Made a terrible fuss, Jerry,—roused them like a hive of bees—buzz, buzz, buzz we had it for a fortnight—anonymous letters by the bushels. I would n't have cared though if they'd paid the postage,—bless their dear souls, here's to them again!"

"With all my heart—and I wish the sweet angels were here to pledge us—I kiss my hand to them."

"Talking of kissing, I declare!—why, Jerry, you're as bad as ever—you're second only to Johannes."

"Ah! a rare fellow, glorious chap was that [illegible]

[illegible]

[...] the time had come for me to depart, and wished that one's cousin could be with one forever. But it was no use, I was n't worth a copper dollar, and unless I could get some heiress to marry me for pity, I saw no way of living without roughing it through life. I was too proud to trespass on the bounty of my uncle, and had actually carried it so far as to make my quarters at the village inn. It may be the fond old man could see further than I,—he only smiled, and shook his head, and left the expostulation to his wife. So it happened that my visit was nearly up. Happy, too happy had been those months, and my pretty little cousin was the cause of it all. *She*, sweet angel, like all the rest charged it to our cousinship—but I, at last, began to open my eyes, and half suspected the truth, for I had noticed that my cousin, unconscious to herself, seemed very fond of my presence. I learnt it all by close observation, sir,—a faculty I picked up among the Sioux. I once admired a cape on a girl's shoulder—for I do hate your low dresses—and lo! the next day that I saw my pretty cousin, the dear creature had such a modest cape on! I praised the tie of a ribbon carelessly the next afternoon, I declare it's every word true, sir,—she met me in the evening with that very fashioned tie. And yet I do n't think she was conscious of it. It came natural to her to do so. She would have died had she thought I noticed it. These may seem trifles, my dear sir, but the proudest of us all have seen the day when such little proofs of affection from the one we love have sent a thrill through every nerve in our frame, and in our extacy almost lifted us from the earth. Ah! sir, it do n't do to laugh at these trifles;—many a noble, many a monarch would have given his broad lands, his greatest victory, or the finest jewel of his crown, to win such a trifle from the one he loved. I'm wandering—the two months were up—and, yet, in all this time I had n't got a kiss from my cousin.

It was the night but one before I was to go away. I determined to make a last effort. We were sitting by the window, and the old folks were next door. My sweet little cousin looked pensive, and doubtless felt so; for though I had been to the Black Hills and shot buffalo, I was somewhat sentimental myself. It was just the night for melting thoughts; and the moon shone tenderly upon the river in the distance, pouring her silvery light like fairy verdure on the distant hills. My pretty cousin sat by my side, and we were talking of my approaching departure.

"I shall be very busy to-morrow, and I do n't know whether I shall be able to come here in the evening," said I.

She slowly raised her dark eyes to me, till her very soul seemed pouring out from beneath the long black lashes, and after seeming to look right through me, answered,

"Why not?—you know how glad *we* are to see you."

"Why not?" said I, a little piqued at that word WE; for to tell the truth, I half suspected I was in love with my pretty cousin, and had, as you know, flattered myself that it was reciprocal. "Why?—because I shall be very busy,—and besides I heard Thornton ask you the other night to go to P——, to-morrow evening with him—and of course, my pretty one, you [...]

[illegible]

"Ellen!"

"Will you come to-morrow night?" whispered she, lifting her dark eyes [...] shoulder.

"How can I refuse, dearest?" said I, kissing the tears from her long lashes.

* * * *

"Well, what followed, Jeremy?"

Whiff—whiff.

"What followed?—for heaven's sake, tell us!"

"What?"

"Yes!"

"Why a Mrs. Jeremy Short, to be sure."

J. S.

From the Rushton Enterprise.

THE MOTHERLESS INFANT.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Look up, my lonely one,
Up to yon spreading tree,
Whose green leaves in the sun
Are waving free:
Fast by its root there swells
A mossy hillock fair,
Where the blue violet dwells
With the young cowslip bells:
Thy mother sleepeth there!

Hark, gentle creature, hark!
Heard'st thou a robin sing?
See, from yon thicket dark
He spreads his wing:
How sweet his chirping hum
Announce Spring has come,
With its gay blossoming!
But she, who loved his voice,
'Mid an eternal Spring
Doth evermore rejoice!

Perchance his house he'll rear
On yonder verdant spray;
And thou shalt see it, dear,
Rock, when the breezes sway:
Yea, thou shalt watch his nest
Amid the curtaining tree:
There his young brood shall rest,
Caressing and caressed—
But where's the tender breast
Whose love should nurture thee?

Oh, moan not thus, sweet love!
Thy mother is not dead—
There is a home above,
Where her pure spirit fled!
God was her changeless trust,
And o'er the lifeless dust
Her soul rose free;
Lift up thine infant prayer—
Ask for His guardian care:
Her God shall succor thee!

GOOD RULES.—The way to get credit is to be punctual; the way to preserve it is not to use it much. Settle often—have short accounts.—Trust no man's appearances—they are deceptive, perhaps assumed for the purpose of obtain- [illegible]

An Adventure of Charles II.

There is not in the British Isles a fairer valley than the Vale of Dolgelly, nor one that combines sweetness and magnificence in such perfect and varied beauty. Its green banks slope verdantly to the river side, fringed with trees and watered by sparkling streamlets; higher up Cader Idris and a chain of lesser mountains point their grey summits, bold and bare, to the sky. Snowdon peeps through many a vista—and half-way down the valley there is a beautiful meeting of the waters of two clear rivers, that, uniting in a lake-like stream, glides smoothly onward to the Irish Sea. Thick woods, noble country seats, and smiling cottages, sheltered and shadowed by many a sunny hill, blend their beauty with the dark rock, the scathed pine, and the healthy mountain side; while the everchanging light and shadow, the varied colors, and the light haze resting on the park, or floating dreamily in the very centre of the valley, present a picture which few who have gazed upon will forget, or scruple to affirm with us, that among the hundred valleys of our happy Isles there is not a nobler or fairer one than the Vale of Dolgelly. And when the Royal eye of her who rules there glances over our pages, she will not fail to remember the sweet summer evenings when, straying by the romantic shores of Beaumaris, she has seen the dusky, cloud-like peak of Snowdon, as it rose far in the distance, over the quiet waters of the bay. And long on those shores will she be remembered—the village maiden that dropped a curtsy, and gray-haired [illegible]

WARD vs. MAHAN.

IT is not my purpose to descend so low as to bandy epithets with the vulgar, nor to deal in slang for slang with Francis Mahan. I will, however, merely quote some of his elegant language, as applied to me in the Evening Post, of the 9th instant, believing as I do, that all who know me cannot be imposed upon to my injury by such malicious abuse from any quarter, and much less from so ungrateful a pen as that of Francis Mahan, whose scurrility has been so freely and so unjustly bestowed upon one who has befriended and aided him oftimes, when in need, who gave him shelter, rent free, and lifted his notes for him as they fell due in Bank, when he could not pay them, nor has he ever yet paid them, and now pleads them out of date, as well as other loans for his necessities, which he ungratefully puts me at defiance to collect; and having entrusted him with the privilege to sell my eye cup on commission, has failed to render me a full account of the amount of sales.— Wherefore I revoked his authority on account of his delinquency, and he now strives to stab his benefactor, and to justify his conduct by such publications as the following:

"ALLEN WARD, again, craven like, flies to another subterfuge; after denying in terms most positive, that the Judge of the U. S. Court had placed the parties, the Mahan and Ward, on an equal footing, before him when the precise words are quoted in an extract of the decision, he is fain to eat his own words, or basely crawl off with a pitiful and beggarly—'*except as regards &c.*'

"Mahan lays no claim, nor has he any desire to be placed upon an equal footing with Ward in any other than a legal retaliation; and he thanks his stars that Judge H. possesses neither the will or the power to inflict upon him such a degradation."

The above example of ingratitude may serve as a caution to others not to trust a supposed friend too far before trying and proving him—for rest assured there are two kinds of people in the world.

Before I close I would refer the critic whom, I presume, Mr. M. has promised a fee for his trouble of reviewing my hasty lines of poetry, to the first and second volumes of Dryden's Virgil, where he may find the same kind of food for his criticism. See page 326, vol 1st, where Bound is made to rhyme with Unbound, here our critic may perceive, as in the two words Right and Copyright; so Bound and Unbound sounds to him alike. See also vol. 2d, page 62 and 67, which reads as follows.

See great Marcellus; how attired in toils,
He moves with manly grace, how rich with regal spoils;
He when his country threatened with alarms,
Requires his courage, and his conquering arms.

Here again our critic may suppose that Arms and Arms sound very much alike. Nevertheless, the poetic ear can appreciate the music by the proper connexion of the words, as in Right and Copyright. Steele also gives us the word light to rhyme with delight. Our critic exclaims bless us how he foots it, as though the repetition of a word in poetry was unpardonable and without authority. What says the celebrated Fawcett by way of repetition, hear him as follows:

His fulness shall yield us
Abundant supplies,
His power shall shield us
When dangers arise;
As will shall supply us,
And silence our fear,
For nothing can hurt us
While Jesus is near.

Our critic would here exclaim, bless us how he uses it. I will now refer to Newton, whose poetry has heretofore stood the test of criticism, but our reviewer will exclaim, bless us how he me's it, hear Newton—

And can he have taught me,
To trust in his name,
And thus far have brought me
To put me to shame.

Does not me and me sound very much alike in the above quotation? But who can help admiring the beauty of the sentiment. Many other authorities could be given to show that the repetition of the same word is justifiable in poetry, and so I conclude, if me and me in Newton's rhyme be right, so Ward's own copyright will rhyme with right. And if our critic cannot so perceive it, one thing is certain, that others can.

The phrase Literary Tailoring seems to have raised the risibilities of our reviewer. But I am content with the old maxim, let those laugh who lose, those who win will laugh. It may, however, gratify the curiosity of our critic, who cannot see how Literature and Tailoring are in any wise connected, to inform him that the object of his scoffs has so connected Literature with his art of Tailoring as to yield him a greater revenue from his Literary Essays on Tailoring, than any other author or writer of books could ever boast of; and this is something to say these hard times in favor of American encouragement of Literature. He believes also that he has secured more copyrights than any other author whomsoever. And though last, but not the least of his self-approving gratifications are that he has by the combination of his art, with Science and Philosophy, been the means of raising his once degraded trade of a tailor, to a respectable standing among the other mechanical branches. Tailoring is now a scientific business, and the [illegible]

...

GRANDMOTHER'S COTILLIONS—in which Mr. Canderbeck will imitate the singing of an old dame when she is in a joyful mood; AIR—Mrs. Canderbeck, on the Harp; SONG—Mr. Quayle, "Fly to the Prairie,"—words by Dr. J. K. Mitchell, of this city; FANTASIA—Mr. Watson on the MUSICAL GLASSES, in which he will introduce the favorite airs of "Alice Gray," "Oft in the Stilly Night," and "Mozart's Waltz;" ENGLISH and SCOTCH MARCH—in which Mr. Canderbeck will imitate the English Bugle and Scotch Bagpipe; NAPOLEON'S FAVORITE GRAND MARCH—in which the enemy appears to recede and advance. The report of cannon will be imitated by the Harp, and the complaints of the wounded by the Violin.

On Monday a grand Concert will be given by Mrs. Watson, aided by Miss Clarence Wells, Mr. Quayle, and the Musical Glasses, &c.

Charge of Admission TWENTY-FIVE CENTS, or five Tickets, if purchased during the day, for One Dollar.

ALMANAC.

OCTOBER, 1839.	SUN RISES.	SUN SETS.	HIGH WATER.	MOON'S PHASES.
12 Saturday,	6 25	5 35	5 52	
13 Sunday,	6 26	5 34	6 14	D. H. M.
14 Monday,	6 27	5 33	7 7	
15 Tuesday,	6 28	5 32	8 6	
16 Wednesday,	6 30	5 30	8 51	New 7 9 13
17 Thursday,	6 31	5 29	9 41	First 15 1 24
18 Friday,	6 32	5 28	10 20	Full 22 14 31
19 Saturday,	6 33	5 27	11 16	Last 29 2 50

Philadelphia Post Office.

Arrivals and Departure of Mails.

Eastern arrives ab't	5 A. M.	Eastern closes at	5 P. M
Southern,	3 to 5 P. M.	Southern closes at	1 A. M
Western,	2 & 7 P. M.	Western at 5 P. M. & 6 A. M	

MARRIAGES.

In Nantucket, Sept. 29, by S. H. Jenks, Esq. Editor of the Nantucket Inquirer, Mr. Sylvester F. Hubbard, of Philadelphia, to Miss Mary Ann Swain.

On the 6th inst. by the Rev. C. A. Lippincott, Mr. Joseph Lewis, to Miss Elizabeth Ridgay, both of Philadelphia.

On the 3d inst. by the Rev. P. F. Mayer, Mr. Robert D. Laurie, to Miss Catharine Emerick, both of this city.

On Thursday, 3d inst. by the Rev. Wm. Suddards, John W. Baker, to Henrietta P. daughter of the late Benjamin Adams.

On the evening of the 1st inst. by Richard R. Spain, Esq. Mr. Geo. W. Tucker, to Miss Sarah Nicholson, both of New Jersey.

[illegible]

PHILADELPHIA MUSEUM.

A CONCERT will be given in the Grand Saloon of the Philadelphia Museum, THIS EVENING, OCTOBER 12 at 8 O'CLOCK, when MR. WATSON will perform on F. Hopkinson Smith's difficult Instrument, the PATENT GRAND HARMONICON, or MUSICAL GLASSES!

MONSIEUR and MADAME CANDERBECK will appear, after an absence of ten years.

MR. CANDERBECK will imitate with such perfect accuracy as to deceive the eye, all kinds of instruments, viz: a full Orchestra, playing on four strings at once; the Flute, Flageolet, Double Flute, Hautboy, Trumpets, French Horn, English Bugle, Scotch Bagpipes, Cymbals. Mimic an Old Woman in a merry mood; a hunting piece, with the crying of hounds in full chase, on ONE STRING; the tones of an organ, the chaunting of a Nun, a Monk, the Mother Abbess and Father Capuchin. The celebrated Andante, on ONE STRING, in which he will imitate the Octavo Flute and Singing of Birds.

PART I.

FANTASIA—on the Piano Forte, Mr. Watson. SONG—Mr. Quayle, "The Hunters of Tyrol." WALTZ, ADANTE and GERMAN AIR—in which Mr. Canderbeck will imitate the Flute, Flageolet, and Double Flageolet; FANTASIA—Mr. Watson on the MUSICAL GLASSES, Scotch and other favorite Melodies; SONG—Mr. Quayle, "Fondest affections still cling to Home."

PART II.

GRANDMOTHER'S COTILLIONS—in which Mr. Canderbeck will imitate the singing of an old Woman when she is in a joyful mood; AIR—Mrs. Canderbeck, on the Harp; SONG—Mr. Quayle, "Fly to the Prairie,"—words by Dr. J. K. Mitchell, of this city; FANTASIA—Mr. Watson on the MUSICAL GLASSES in which he will introduce the favorite airs of "Alice Gray," "Oft in the Stilly Night," and "Mozart's Waltz;" ENGLISH and SCOTCH MARCH—in which Mr. Canderbeck will imitate the English Bugle and Scotch Bagpipe; NAPOLEON'S FAVORITE GRAND MARCH—in which the music appears to recede and advance. The report of cannon will be imitated by the Harp, and the complaints of the wounded by the Violin.

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His fullness shall yield us
Abundant supplies,
His power shall shield us
When dangers arise;
As will shall supply us,
And silence our fear,
For nothing the hurt us

20,000 MULTICAULIS TREES.

20,000 MORUS MULTICAULIS

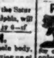
Are offered for sale, deliverable in November next. They will be sold at moderate prices on good terms. The rapidly extending Silk business, which has proved so profitable and well adapted to our climate, with the large Bounty given for its encouragement by several of the States, ought to induce farmers to embrace the earliest opportunity of getting into a business that cannot be overdone.

Letters, post paid, addressed to the office of the Saturday Evening Post, 26 Carter's Alley, Philadelphia, will be promptly attended to. jy 6—tf

PULMONARY CONSUMPTION.

THIS disease is a wasting away of the whole body, attended with a hectic fever, cough and spitting up of matter from an ulcer on the lungs. SYMPTOMS—The inflammatory stage begins with chilliness, succeeded by heat, lowness of spirits, shrillness of voice, salt taste in the mouth, pain in the breast and side, attended with a dry cough. A weight is experienced at the affected part of the lungs, loss of appetite, vomiting and spitting up of frothy and florid blood. After some time the matter is expectorated of different colors, white, yellow, green and bloody, either without smell or offensive.—The body begins to fall away and grow cold, the hectic fever increases, attended with frequent burnings in the hands and lower extremities, sometimes the tongue will be full of small ulcers after eating, the patient will have a fixed red color on his cheeks; the pit of the stomach contracts, the functions of the animal economy grow languid, the body becomes dry, the eyes sink deep within their cavities—at length from debility, the patient pays the debt of nature at the time when he is flattering himself with the hopes of a speedy recovery. To obviate all these symptoms at the commencement of the disease, use DR. SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY BARK, which will immediately HEAL THE ULCERATED LUNGS, stopping profuse night sweats, and at the same time, strengthening and invigorating the whole system. A single bottle of this medicine is sufficient in many cases to test its good effects. Thousands have been relieved while on the brink of the grave, by using a few bottles of this invaluable Syrup. It is not to be understood that this medicine is the elixir of life, and will cure Consumption in its last stages. This it will not do, but it will positively palliate and relieve those sufferers, who for a series of years have not experienced a happy hour.

PRIZE HYACINTHS—GARDEN SEEDS.



JUST received ... for our establishment ...

THE SUNFLOWER LEAF.

THE LADIES' FRIEND.

Vol. XVIII. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 1, 1865. No. 1.

Terms—Two dollars per annum, in advance. Where given in all the directions.

FORGIVENESS.

How beautiful falls
From human lips the blessed word forgive!
Forgiveness is the sweetness of God—
The sacred which cometh heaven—renews again
Of earth Eden's flush of bloom, and flings
Hope's halcyon o'er the waves of life.
Thrice happy is the sinner who has been so schooled
In the most lessons of heaven.
Thus he can give it sincere; it inspires
Celestial gladness to the human soul,
And melteth and an angel.

J. KEECH.

The rope broke are the third last died,
Which put Jack Ketch in strange disorder;
"I'm hard to hang like sailor by cable,"
"I shall be sickened like Bo-sorder."

A Barber in Indiana reckons his Advertisement with the following couplet:

"Man wants but little *beard* you know,
Not wants that little *long*."

"A Bad-vertisement?"—

"Hello! Uncle Sam, let me go your end
For don't-a-ee pulse does it hide on a nail?
An Union, Mister, I swear must be seen,
By Henry C. Carswell, the Medical Doctor."

A Cure—The following description of a cattle by Dr. Colcott, is given in the Rural World; the result is rather curious:

"All! late Spirits are you here
Your home, and all hope beware!
Or bind the fiery monster down,
Yet colour for then that your bloom;
For he a dagger in your hand
And from then sink, I fear him."

Now in reading the above there is nothing particular to annoy, but when the Rev. Dr. Cumming, Colcott reminded they should be, there is more to fear; for one cannot tell what may be the result. "Amen to you," exclaimed Dr. Cumming, "and I hope, with a little admixture of the devil's spirit." Amen! Amen! we must echo heartily. "Be little the spirits, both the engines," while the one merely says "I'll be a dagger in your hand," the other, more wicked, says "I'll be a dagger in your heart." Now, we do not think that Dr. Cumming meant to give a pretty good idea of the real meaning and true nature of a treacherous heart.

The Society of missionary societies in that Bishop of by the Cincinnati Republican:

From a discourse by this apostle of Holiness: "When I come to read it, it is so silly an abuse of the Presbyterian Church that I am ashamed that I ever permitted it to; and by and by running to St. Twenty-second's at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, I will be ashamed of it; and the following is a passage of a letter from the celebrated Dr. Bangs, of New York, in reference to the Methodists, which published a religious paper, in the year 1826, I do begin to get touched on—I mean, it hath no other."

Quite right.—There's a gentleman in New York whose hair has become so wrinkled by his cow-a-ty sympathy, that they can scarcely be distinguished.

An amusing portion.—To see a drunken man hanging himself boast by trying to kneeling at a pump, begging the handle, just to drink water.

Attainable.—It is a remarkable fact that every animal when it dies, is found to have attained a considerable age accordingly in instances. For a frog, horses and spaniels, a pig, and a fish die at an extraordinary old age. A fish, it is said, in an aquarium would soon take a lawyer. To a few fibrous remarks can, too in the same, and a few more remarks can be represented. A cockroach is endowed a generic in the life. The human is a fish, and a fish is a human, a snake. A lodge-3 looks like a mare. Dress is another to a female, even, cut and fit like a coat, and waistcoats, and you have a frequency dandy. Jacketless remarks is good many instances of the cockroach peculiarities in the case.

On a Large Scale.—An old lady in the country had an exquisite fowl to dine with her on a certain occasion. For the dessert there was an enormous apple pie. "Lo, ma'am," said the waiter, "how d'ye manage to handle such a pie?" "Hush enough," was the reply, "for I have but one leg, and as a woodturner, wood I under an apple tree, and then shake the fruit down into it."

Bashful.—Do not blame a judge if he sells justice. It is too rich a commodity to be given away for nothing.

Undue Sensitive.—A woman who is always standing out to home have a good deal of water at her house.

The following advertisement shows that Mr. Smith is a good writer:

James E. T. Smith continues to manufacture and repair ladders, step-ladders, hay and stoops, scaffolds, screens, reels, palanquins, bed-steps, chairs, lathes, &c. and cradles, stoppers, pocket book-makers, and all other articles of like nature.

Abortive People.—There are no persons capable of stopping so low as those who desire to rise in the world.

Disclaimer against the World.—They declaim most against the world who have most sound against it; so people generally abuse those who have most abused them.

Worst stay under.—A gentleman from the country was so well cleaned with the performance at a tragedy as to say at our entrance, that he would not spend fifty cents more for theatricals the next evening. As to hero of the play made love to the heroine on the stage, Jonathan let off his surprise thus: "Be the great man fell a-fencing with that 'ere little gal, and her one night as good as a-a—and I'm blowed if here he not sign it!"

Metaphysician.—The speculations of some of our metaphysical writers are as fine and delicate as soap-bubbles; when these burst, unfortunately, they evaporate nothing but fine.

Self-Praise.—When you hear any one making a great show of himself, you may feel quite certain to remember that the poorest wheel of a waggon always creaks the loudest.

Amateur Author.—Some diletanti authors profess that they write and publish only for their own amusement. This is perfectly correct, for it certainly is not for other people's.

RELIEVING GUARD.

A young girl who had formed an attachment to a soldier in the garrison at Mott, in 1726, knowing that he was ordered out, and obliged to be on duty at midnight, during very inclement weather, went to see him, and finding her quite benumbed with cold, pressed on him to go and warm herself at her house, which was near at hand, while she remained on duty at his post. The soldier refused for some time, but at last yielded to her tender entreaties. She then left him with the gold, she wrapped herself in his great coat, and began to walk a la militaire with the musket on her shoulder. Unfortunately the round going by, the corporal noticed not the order; which not being able to answer, she was detected, and taken to the guard-house. Her sex soon occasioned some pity, and being brought before the officer of the day, and having related the whole story, he not only pardoned her, but also the soldier, who had incurred the punishment of imprisonment for his neglect of duty. The soldier, however, was not so fortunate in the affair of a husband, for he was tried by a court-martial, and sentenced to be hanged; however, he was afterwards pardoned, and married to her faithful mistress.—*Butler's Sports and Pastimes.*

Bible in the United States.—The first Bible printed by the Congress of America was in quarto folio—the New Testament in 1663, and the Old in 1685, both by the Rev. John Eliot. They were published in Cambridge, (Mass.) The second was in octavo, second edition, and was printed at Germantown (now Philadelphia, by Christopher Sower), in 1763. The first American edition of the Bible in English was printed by Rev. Samuel Green, at Boston, in 1752, in small octavo, 900 pages. The first Bible printed by Robert Aitken, of Philadelphia, by order and recommendation of the Congress of the United States, in 1782, during the Revolutionary war, and is the first Bible printed for the Congress of the English copy, including the London reprint. The next Bible was printed by Isaiah Thomas, Worcester, Mass., in 1791.—*Boston Transcript.*

Hanging, at Pekanetta, in South Australia, is so common that the natives have named "their turn" nooses, at least—do not seem to need much an occasion, or to be more than the ordinary result of the noose for the hanging of a lot. A late traveller in that country tells a story of a native who, one morning, Jack Ketch came the noise that suggests the rope. An Englishman, who had followed him, asked him why he did so. "Making my noose," was the reply. "Hanging some one to-day?" "O, I don't know, may not be."

A BRILLIANT WOODLAND SCENE.

On the second day of my arrival (on Great River, near Dubuque) it rained without ceasing, and there was no wind; so that there was little chance of sport. At night the weather changed somewhat, and I sallied forth armed. On the following morning I went out very early, and on leaving the house, I met the head of a young girl. I never shall forget the beauty of that countenance. Long flowing hair, of the true, flaxen," gleamed with dew, and not only with dew, but with the rain of the previous night, which was the most bright and shining crystals, reflecting, refracting the rays of the sun, and throwing out that rays which they were invigorated by the solar rays. The forehead of the girl was of the purest white, the eyes could convey a representation of the resplendent brightness and luminous quality of rays on that lovely morning. The oxygen forest looked like one of those gorgeous dreamlike scenes, created by the fertile imagination of Ariosto; and a northern Atlantic might have been transported by some magic power to the tropical regions which hung from the spreading arms of the forest trees; every leaf of these "bear mosses" was glistening in resplendent tricks. I have seen in the depth of the mountains, and in some of the magnificent of British nations, the heavy, the lonely and the wild valleys; shining and brilliant they were too—but oh! how far, far inferior to the scene that burst on me that morning! I was in the midst of it, and I could not help crying out, "Oh, God! how beautiful are thy works!" I could not help crying out, "Oh, God! how beautiful are thy works!" I could not help crying out, "Oh, God! how beautiful are thy works!"